

Mme. Judice Describes Some More Easter Sunday Styles.



RICH in Exquisite Materials, Handsome Trimmings and Ingenuity of Treatment Are the Easter Gowns—The Directoire Styles Prevail—Gowns, Suits and Separate Waists Show an Unprecedented Amount of Hand Work.

THE Easter gowns, wraps and hats! What a glorious showing here, so far beyond all previous Easter displays that comparisons are impossible. Rich in exquisite materials, handsome trimmings, ingenuity of treatment, the new fashions are remarkably attractive.

Soft lustrous silks and fine light cloths are used for the natty full wraps, so elaborately lace-trimmed and hand-embroidered that many times they fairly beggar description. Voiles, etamines, mohairs, Siciliennes are the materials which are popular for gowns

and smart suits, while some are to be seen made of silk of a very fine quality.

A Decided Tendency Toward Directoire Styles.

There is a decided tendency toward the Louis XVI., or Directoire styles, and the result is delightfully odd creations which cannot but be becoming. This means that the skirt will be full in the front, shirred on the sides and at the back, with slight draping over the hips, the bodice draped over a tight-fitted lining, often double-breasted, with

The Easter Sunday Fashion Illustrations.

- 1—Champagne chiffon voile with short bolero trimmed with Cluny lace, flower picture hat and shiny leather shoes.
- 2—Chiffon dinner waist in black, appliqued with heavy lace.
- 3—Violet calling gown, heavily trimmed with real Cluny lace in clover designs.
- 4—Lace picture hat, with wheels of lace and straw.
- 5—Ecru picnienne costume, with box-plaited jacket, showing the deep crush silk girdle and triple sleeve effect.

the place of the upper sleeve. These are particularly pretty on the summer suits of linen.

The Wider the Belt the More Fashionable It Is.

One dainty little suit of brown and cream linen displayed these hape sleeves and a bolero which fastened under the left arm—an odd model. The front was slit down for a little distance and turned back into revers. This bolero was worn over a full blouse of mousseline de sole in champagne color. Of course the favorite wide girdle was also used, in this case of turquoise silk, for practically every modish costume nowadays is finished with a soft crush girdle.

THE Skirted Coat Which Is So Becoming to Slender Figures Is in Evidence, but the Short, Jaunty Bolero and Eton Jacket Are Most Fashionable—Wide Belts Are the Proper Thing—The Separate Waists for the Easter Girl Are Bewitching.

avored by Parisian modistes. The long, lithe line is the distinct, most fashionable note this spring, and by adopting the high girdle a part of the battle is easily won.

Separate Waists Are Used for the Dressy Function.

The separate waists for dressy functions are now recognized factors in the world of dress, for they are so practical that they are absolutely necessary to the woman of unlimited income, as well

as she who is compelled to keep watchful eye on the purse strings. They are just the thing for smart high-maintenance wear and hundreds of other daytime functions. Those designed for the Easter girl are bewitching. They are made of gauzy materials, such as net all-over lace, chiffon cloth, crepe de chine, and as for trimming—there seems to be no limit, so great is the latitude in this field. A full blouse of chiffon cloth incrusted with medallions of cheap chintilly and inset with bands of Valenciennes was overlaid with a conventional pattern made of featherbone cordings of liberty satin.

Lady Valworth's Diamonds.

By "The Duchess."

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.
Mildred Grey is anxious to marry her cousin, Grant Boyle, whom she does not love. Her friend, Nadine Roche, is engaged to one Paul Annerley, at her mother's wish, while loving Maurice Duran. Lady Valworth (Grant Boyle's mother) is a miserly old woman who is avaricious and greedy.

Later Mildred and Lady Valworth recognize, among some jewelry Annerley has given Nadine, part of their own stolen gems. Duran tells Nadine of this discovery.

CHAPTER VI.

"At this moment the door is thrown wide open, and a tall man enters the room. Lady Valworth, with a little cry, rushes forward to greet him. She has forgotten everything, except that this is her son, and that he has returned to her."

But a movement on Nadine's part checks her. The girl, too, after an instant's stunned surprise, has taken a few steps forward and thrown out her arms in the direction of the newcomer.

"Why! There he is! There he is himself!" she cries in a clear voice, "sought by excitement. 'Now he is come, he will explain all!'"

"What farce is this you would play, girl!" exclaims Lady Valworth, in a low but terrible tone. "That"—pointing to where the tall figure stands in the doorway—"is my son—Grant Boyle!"

"Madame! that is—Paul Annerley!" Grant Boyle, his face absolutely livid, comes straight into the centre of the room.

"You—you here!" he says. "Tell them!" entreats Nadine, eagerly. "They have been imagining dreadful things. I told them you were returning to England soon. That—I did not know it would be to-night. Paul, let them know at once—at once—how these stones came into your possession."

"I am Grant Boyle," he begins. "You are not, then, Paul Annerley?" "That is true."

Nadine suggests back from her and presses her hands to her forehead as if in pain.

"The game is up," he says. "Miss Roche has forged the first link of the chain of evidence against me, the rest should be easily made. I shall save you all trouble by giving you the exact facts gratis. I took the diamonds! I took also the sapphires! I had no intention of marrying my dear cousin, Miss Mildred Grey. I have disposed of the stolen jewels and was about to marry Nadine and go to America to live there with her for the rest of my life under the name of Paul Annerley. Is she and she alone that I love and

have always loved."

Lady Valworth finds her voice at last and sobs:

"Oh, Grant! Grant! Grant!"

"Prosecution is impossible," says Sir Thomas hurriedly. "All that is left you is to quit this house and this country with as little delay as possible. This is the only kindness you can now show me."

He points to the motionless figure of his wife.

"Come, Nadine," he says, "let us go. Remember, he adds, as she shrinks from him, 'you gave me your promise to be my wife.'"

"That promise was given to me! To me—do you hear? whether my name be Grant Boyle, or Paul Annerley, or Maurice Duran. 'Come,' going nearer to her he grasps her hand, 'I cannot speak to you with these things gaping fools around; come to some other room.'"

"Maurice!" she cries, in a tone that chills the hearts of all present. Maurice Duran is at her side in an instant. He has encircled her with his arms. Her head has fallen upon his breast.

Grant Boyle casts one look at the woman he loves and loses. Then he rushes from the room.

Leaving behind him the sight of the four lovers' hapless faces (for Nadine and Mildred are now side by side as well as Duran and Nadine) Grant hurried to his room.

Crossing the room, he opens a case lying upon a bureau, and draws from it a revolver. He runs his hand lightly over it, and the cool touch of the steel seems to steady him. Having assured himself that it is loaded he lays it down again and turns to a writing table.

His hand is firm, the writing bold as ever. A few words, explaining where the famous sapphires (now dismantled and unseal) may be found in his rooms in town, are addressed to his mother. Bold words, with no endearing comment, no affectionate terrorism, no use. It is as well that Mildred should have them to him.

He takes up the revolver again and lifts it to his mouth. There is a short sharp report. It flares through the room. His brain reels. There! Nadine's image is before him again! A slight smile, clothed all in palest blue. A face divine. Her lovely arms! Her eyes—dark—long—See now they gleam forward! Curse him! To him she holds out her hands. To him she gives herself. She burns.

A groan of agonized remembrance bursts from his lips. Then follows a sharp report. It flares through the room. He sways, and a coarse, disgusting in a horrible manner, falls heavily to the ground. All is over!

And now the silence is broken. Through the passages beyond comes the sound of hurrying feet. There is one that runs before the others. Near, nearer they come, and still the bird in the win, please—the dead man lies there, careless—unknown.

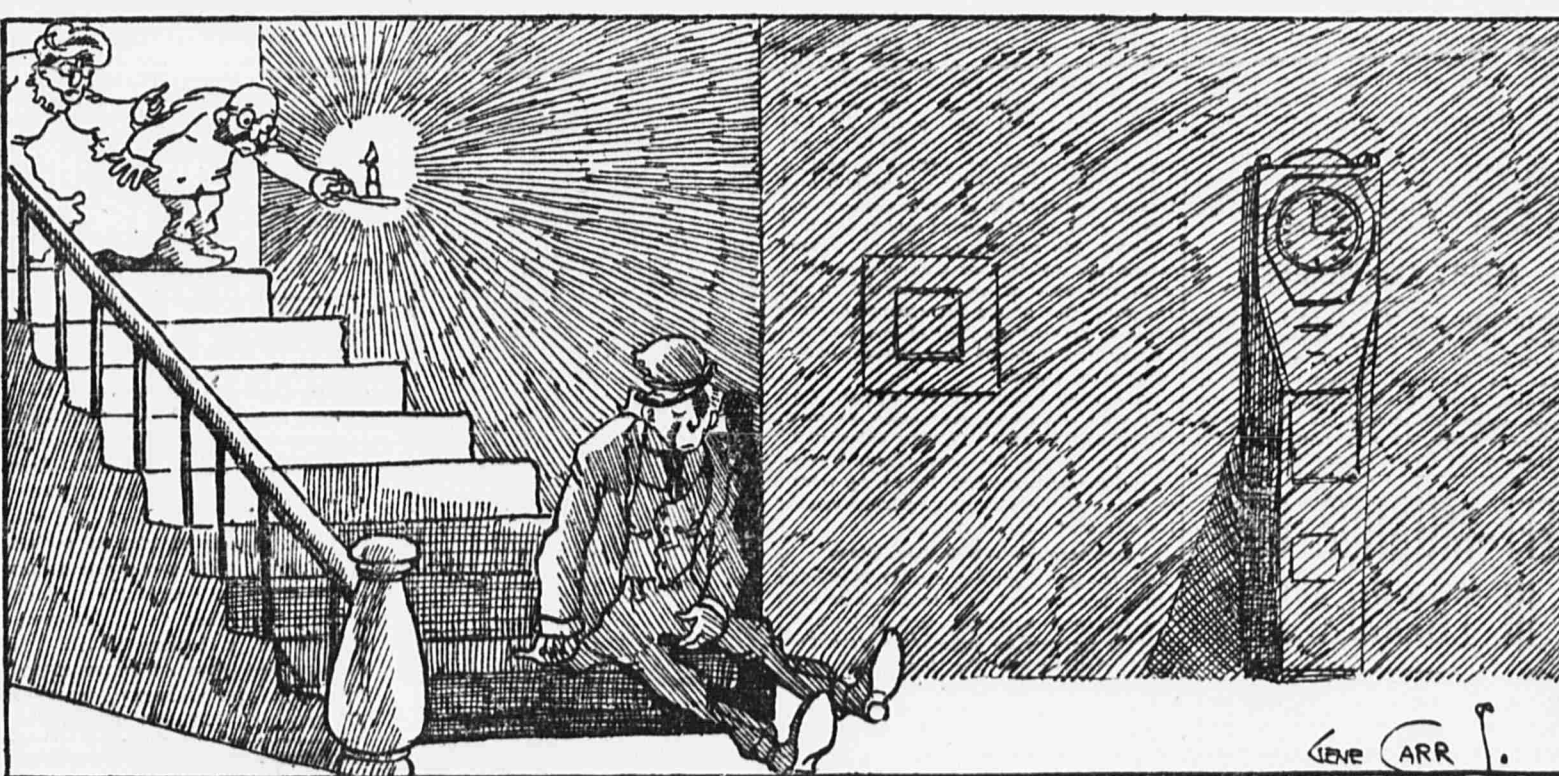
A touch upon the handle of the door. The win still reveals in lifeless treason, but the bird has flown away. The door opens—the threshold stands—his mother!

Mrs. Nagg and Mr. — By Roy L. McCardell.

Illustrated by GENE CARR.

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Even at the Most Trying Times He Never Seems to Forget His Set Purpose in Life Is to Try to Make Her Unhappy. And She Is Always So Quietly Sympathetic, Too!



"A burglar that would break into a house at this hour is not an honest man. . . . Who is it? Brother Willie?"

"LISTEN to me, Mr. Nagg, listen to me! Some day a judgment will be sent upon you, something terrible will happen to you for the way you act toward me."

"Do I ever say a word to you except for your own good? Am I not always serene and happy? Don't I always try to make your home attractive to you?"

"You can go downtown to your office and in your business troubles soon forget everything."

"You wouldn't care if burglars broke in and murdered me?"

"What is that noise? Yes, just as I said, burglars are breaking in to steal our valuables! Oh, dear me! I left my book of trading stamps on the sideboard in the dining room!"

"Where are you going, Mr. Nagg? Are you going to desert me at 3 o'clock in the morning, after keeping me awake with your fault-finding all night, are you going to desert me and leave me to be murdered by burglars?"

"You are going after the burglars, you say?"

"Why should you go after burglars. It may be that gentlemen burglar the papers have been so full of, who only burglars in evening dress."

"Oh, I hope it is not, for the house is all upset and I wouldn't want a refined burglar to see me with my hair up in curl papers!"

"Don't you dare leave me! You shall not leave me. The burglar will shoot at you and miss you and I may be killed! I won't be left alone, a burglar that would break in a house at this hour is not an honest man. He may speak rudely to me, and I know you would stand by and be glad of it. I would sooner die than be murdered."

"Come away from the door or I will scream! Oh, you have come back, have you? You don't care if we are all murdered as we lay asleep."

"Who is it? Brother Willie! Ah, didn't I tell you the poor boy has been at night school, and now he is so fatigued with studying that he has fallen asleep on the stairs and his cigar is burning a hole in his hat. Hear how

leavely he breathes. We must stop this night school affair or it will wreck his health."

"What a timid person you are, Mr. Nagg, worrying yourself into a panic over burglars, when it's only poor tired little brother Willie coming home from night school!"

"Go back to bed, Mr. Nagg; your wife will protect you."

"What are you grinning for? How dare you be sarcastic!"

"Oh, mamma, isn't he a brute? What an example for little brother Willie!"

THE STARTING POINT OF DISEASE IS

PERFECT HEALTH REQUIRES A FREE MOVEMENT OF THE BOWELS

ONCE EVERY DAY.

THE RELIABLE REMEDY FOR CONSTIPATION IS THE NATURAL LAXATIVE WATER.

HALF A GLASS ON ARISING GIVES PROMPT RELIEF.

Constipation

Hunyadi Janos

Over 2,000 Euchre Players Will Sit in This Big Game.

Most attractive among the post-lenten gaieties planned for Easter week will be the monster euchre, musicale and reception of the friends and parishioners of the Church of Our Lady of Good Counsel, to be held on the evening of Wednesday, April 6, at Grand Central Palace, Forty-third street and Lexington avenue.

Few social functions this season have aroused so much interest or evoked such cordial co-operation. The various committees have been selected with great care and, under capable leadership, are hard at work to render the occasion memorable.

The Committee on Prizes has been unusually successful. Thanks to its untiring zeal and taste, a large collection of prizes have been secured, ranging through the whole gamut of usefulness and beauty.

A splendid musical programme has been prepared. After the awarding of prizes, dancing will occupy the remainder of what promises to be one of the most entertaining evenings of the year.

Judging from the sale of tickets thus far, more than two thousand players will participate.

The entertainment is for the benefit of the handsome new parochial school now in course of construction. Apart from the noble end thus contributed to, all guests are assured of a thoroughly delightful evening and of a chance to win prizes such as few euchre players are able to offer.

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